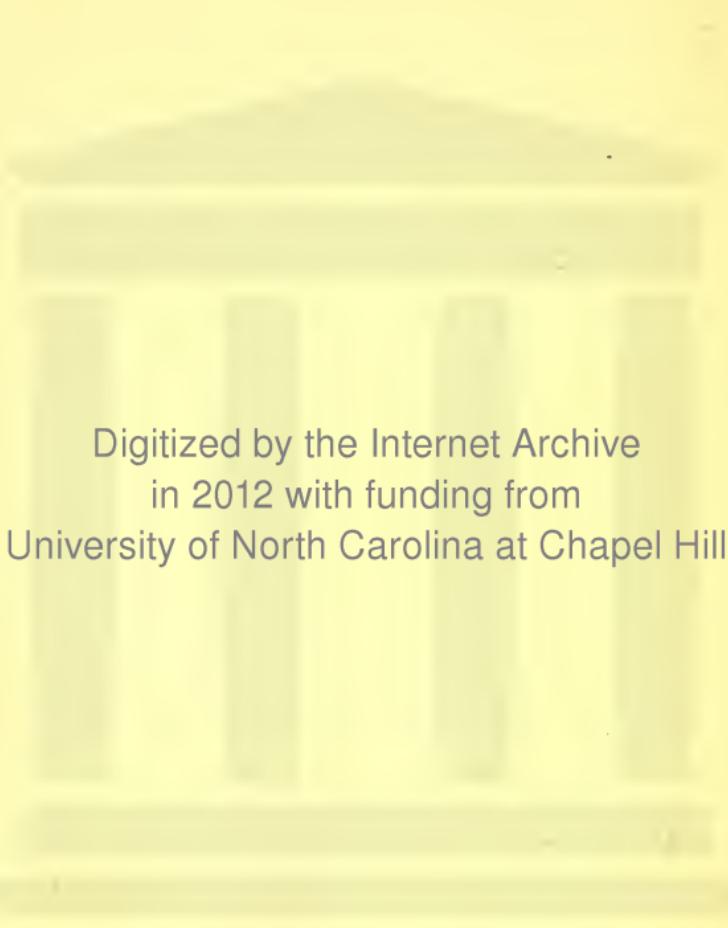


THE YOUNG SAILOR



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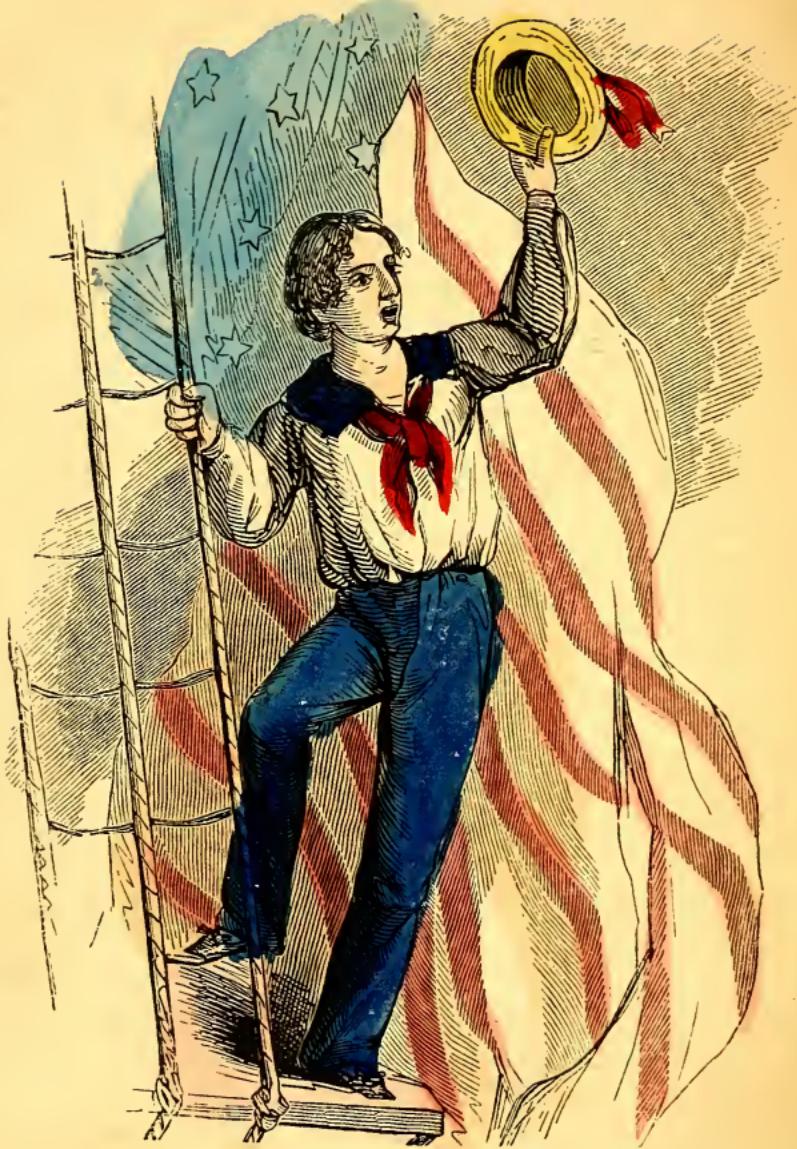
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THE
YOUNG SAILOR;
OR,
PERSEVERANCE REWARDED;
FOR
LITTLE BOYS AND LITTLE GIRLS.

BY
MRS. HUGHS,
AUTHOR OF "GENEROSITY," ETC., ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON:
1850.

STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.

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PREFACE.

“WE were at the wharf to-day with Uncle John, looking at the ships, and we wished for you, aunt, that you might tell us one of your pleasant stories about the sailors.”

“Well, my dears, if you will sit down, I will tell you one of a little sailor boy, who by virtue won friends, and by perseverance became a distinguished man.”



THE YOUNG SAILOR.

ON one of those cold, raw days, so frequent in England, even after the summer is pretty far advanced, an elegant travelling equipage was seen wheeling across the bleak barren waste called Alaston Moor, in the northwestern extremity of the island. The only person in the inside of the vehicle was a lady, who though no longer to be called young, had not yet outlived the loveliness which nature had originally stamped on her beautiful face, and as she kept putting her head out of the carriage window, and gazing at the heath-clad hills, at the foot of which the road now began to wind, a tinge of tender melancholy gave

additional interest to her fine expressive countenance. "Yes, though so cold and dreary, I love you still, my dear native hills;" she exclaimed, with a burst of natural feeling; "and would not exchange your rich purple heather, for all the luxuriant vines that clothe the cloud-capped mountains I have so lately left. They are beautiful and grand, but you have a charm which makes its way more closely to the heart, for you speak of home, and tell of those early days when sorrow was unknown. I left you, many years ago, a young and joyful bride, with the anticipations of a happy future to gladden my path, and the hope of soon revisiting you, and my fondly doating parents; but, alas! I now return with a widowed heart, and after weeping over the graves of husband and children, seek the scenes of my early years, though they, who once gave charms to the spot, are no longer here to fold me in their paternal embrace. Still, however, I have

duties to perform, for those who, till lately, partook of their benevolence, are now left to my care ; and my enjoyment in life for the future, must be in faithfully discharging the office assigned to me." Scarcely had she breathed these words, (for she could hardly be said to speak them,) when her eye was caught by a very young boy, evidently not above eight years old, seated on the sheltered side of the hill, with a sort of plaid or coarse blanket rolled about him, so as to cover all but his eyes and one hand, in which he held a small book, that he was poring over with such earnestness as to be wholly unconscious of the approach of the carriage. Struck with the novel sight of a student among the natives of these wilds, the lady pulled the check-string, and the horses were immediately stopped, when she put forward her head and called the little fellow to come to her. At the sound of her voice, the boy raised his head with a start, and threw

the plaid back. As he did so, he discovered a face of perfect loveliness, and one to which we utterly despair of doing justice. Its form was of the finest oval, and his features might have been moulded for a sculptor to study, so nice were their proportions and so delicate their outlines. His large, full, and beautifully formed eyes, were of that clear deep gray in which is generally found so happy a union of softness and spirit. If there could be a fault found in his appearance, it was in the almost whiteness of his hair, but it was luxuriant and wavy, whilst his childish age gave promise of its soon acquiring a deeper hue. The proportions of his body were in harmony with those of his face, and, as he came forward obedient to the lady's summons, divested of his coarse mantle, she acknowledged to herself, that in all her travels, she had never met with a finer or more engaging specimen of childish beauty.

“ What are you studying so closely, my little

man?" she asked in a tone of kind encouraging familiarity, as the child came near the carriage door.

"I am trying to learn to read, my lady;" replied the boy respectfully, and in an exceedingly sweet tone of voice.

"*Trying* to learn," repeated the gentle traveller; "you surely don't expect to learn without a teacher?"

"Oh no! my lady, I've had a teacher, for Uncle Andrew, the last time he was here, brought me this *Read-may-desy*;" and as the boy spoke he held up the juvenile school-book, so well known by the title of *Reading made easy*; "and he learned me my a-b-abs, and said I must make out as much more as I could, by myself, till he came back."

"And when will that be?"

"He said he thought he would be back in three or four months, for he's a pether, and he expected his pack would be empty by that

time, and he would be on his way to Paisley to get it filled again."

"And how much have you learned?"

"I can tell of, and too, and is, and in, and all the words that have only two letters, without spelling them, and most of them that have three!"

"Have you been studying all the morning as closely as you were doing just now?"

"No, my lady; I hadn't time to do that, for my step-mother gave me a task, to knit forty pearl of daddy's stocking, but I worked very hard to get it done, and have been at my book ever since."

"What is your name, my little fellow?" asked the lady, in a tone that proved her to be very much interested in her new acquaintance.

"My name is William Robson, but everybody calls me White-haired Billy!"

"Are you the son of Thomas Robson?"

asked the stranger, to whom early reminiscence seemed to occur.

“Yes, my lady, daddy’s name is Tommy Robson.”

“And who is this uncle Andrew that you speak of?”

“Oh, he’s not my right own uncle; he’s only a pether that always sleeps at our house when he comes this way, and he told me to call him uncle, and I like to do it, because he’s so good to me. He always tells me about the far-off places he has been at; and he said, if I would learn to read, he would bring me books that would tell me a great deal more about them than he could.”

“Then you are very anxious to learn, of course?”

“Oh yes, my lady, I would rather study my book than eat my supper when I go home, however hungry I may be. But my step-mother won’t let me look into a book when

I'm at home, for she says there's no use in it."

"How long is it since you lost your own mother?"

"It's a long while since; I can only just remember how kind she was to me!" and as the poor little fellow spoke, his eyes filled with tears, which told at once the sad change he had found in her successor.

"Would you like to go to school, William?" asked the lady, kindly seeking to turn the current of the child's thoughts.

"Oh yes, my lady, I would rather go to school than ride in that fine coach, or wear such fine clothes as them gentlemen have on;" and he pointed to the footmen and postilions, whilst the lady smiled at his artlessness and simplicity. "But," he added—and as he did so, his countenance, which had brightened at the thought of school, changed to a mournful expression—"that can never be."

“Why not?”

“Because daddy would have nobody then to take care of the sheep!”

“But if the sheep could be taken care of without you, are you sure you would be a good, diligent boy at school?”

“Oh yes,” replied the boy, whilst his eyes again sparkled, and his whole face beamed with delight at the thought; “I’m sure I would, for I want so to learn to read. Uncle Andrew says if I could read, I might soon know a vast deal more than even he knows, and that would be a great deal, for oh, how wise he is! You would wonder to hear the strange things he has told me. He once told me something that I can hardly believe, but yet everybody says that Uncle Andrew was never known to tell a lie!”

“And pray what was it that he told you?” asked the lady, smiling at the boy’s earnestness.

“ Well he told me,” said the child with some little hesitation; “ but perhaps he was only joking,” he continued, as if anxious to soften any apparent imputation on his friend’s veracity — “ he said there were some folks in the world, that were as black all over their bodies, as a new shoe that has just been greased !” As the boy uttered these words, he looked up with an expression of apprehension into the face of his hearer, as if fearful that he had, by so strange a tale, injured Uncle Andrew in her good opinion.

“ Well you may keep yourself easy, William,” returned the stranger with a gentle laugh, “ about the truth of Uncle Andrew’s information, for I can assure you that he told you nothing but what is strictly true.”

“ Oh how I would like to read about all such things,” said the child in a tone of earnest wishfulness.

“ I will see to that, my little man. So earn-

est a desire for information shall not be left without the means of gratifying itself. Tell your father, when you go home at night, that 'the Lady of the Bower' wishes him to come up as soon as possible to speak to her."

"The Lady of the Bower!" repeated the boy in extreme surprise.

"Yes, did you ever hear of her?"

"I have heard of the old 'Lady of the Bower,' that was good to everybody, but the young one, they say, is far off in foreign countries."

"She was; but she is now here, and it is she that has been talking to you so long. You appear to be a good boy and anxious to improve yourself, and if I find you are really so, you may depend on having a kind friend in me." So saying the lady gave orders to her servants to drive on, and her equipage was soon out of sight.

We flatter ourselves that the specimen we have now given of our little hero, has been sufficient to excite an interest in his future history in the minds of our young readers, though the limits assigned to us will not allow us to be very minute in our details of his proceedings, during the three years succeeding the return of 'the Lady of the Bower' to the home of her youth, which introduced William to her knowledge, and brought him forward as the object of her especial care and attention. The first moment she saw him, she discovered strong marks of superior talents, as well as the most amiable dispositions, and she immediately determined to foster the buds which were opening so fair:

"Though poverty's cold winds and piercing rains
Beat keen and heavy on his tender years."

Arrangements were soon made for William to go to the nearest school, which offered any

chance of his benefiting by the instruction he would receive there. It would have been a pleasure to his benevolent patroness, to send him at once to a higher seminary, as a boarder, but she was deterred by the fear that so sudden a transition might have an unfavourable effect upon his mind, and loosen those cords of filial affection, which ought ever to be held sacred, and engender feelings of pride and self-consequence, at finding himself raised so far above the rest of his family. She satisfied herself, therefore, with having him frequently at the hall during his hours of leisure, and keeping a constant superintendence over him, and watching the progress he made in his studies. This she found to be far beyond her most sanguine expectations. His whole soul seemed to be engrossed with a love of learning, and of gaining a knowledge of the distant wonders, the description of which had so often entranced his young mind. We say that it

engrossed his whole soul ; but we would not be misunderstood that it did so, to the exclusion of the still more valuable affections of the heart. Poor William had hitherto had little around him calculated to fan the pure and holy flame of domestic love ; for his father, though disposed to be a kind parent, was afraid to testify much tenderness towards his eldest child, as every exhibition of the kind was sure to excite the jealousy of his termagant wife, who never failed to revenge it upon the unoffending boy. Such behaviour in the mother, could hardly fail to produce corresponding conduct in the offspring, and consequently each child as it grew up, learned to treat the amiable and affectionate William as an enemy instead of a brother. Each one, however, whilst in a state of infancy, was an object of that brother's tenderness, and served to keep the power of loving still alive in his gentle bosom. And happy was it for him that such was the case,

for the drudgery of nursing the infants was always his portion, and would have been a most irksome one, had not affection sweetened the cup and changed the toil into a labour of love. Then too, Uncle Andrew, with his angel visits, called forth all the best feelings of the young boy's heart, at the same time that he incited him to mental improvement, and impressed upon his mind the principles of truth and virtue. But the appearance of this kind friend was both infrequent and uncertain, and William was often left without a single object to be kind to except his dog, or an occasional stray lamb; till "the Lady of the Bower" came, and, by her kind encouraging care, called forth all the finest feelings of his nature. Under her guidance and protection, William's life, which had hitherto been spent amidst the clouds and storms of domestic dissension, was converted into a soft and balmy sunshine; for even his cruel stepmother was awed into treat-

ing him with gentleness, from her fear of “the Lady of the Bower,” under whom they held their farm.

In this manner three years passed over the head of our little hero, and converted him into a tall, intelligent boy of eleven years old. His personal appearance had been rather improved than injured by the advance of years, especially as his hair, under the care of his patroness, had now become a beautiful auburn, whilst the countenance which had before only spoken of amiability and gentleness, now beamed with intelligence, ardour, and spirit. His fondness for reading had not only been indulged, but judiciously directed, and his eagerness to make himself acquainted with foreign parts gratified by a selection of the best books of travel. All, however, that he read only served to feed one predominant passion, which had held its sway over his breast “from the first dawn of thought,”—that of being himself a witness of

the wonders that had taken so strong a hold of his imagination.

But a shadow now came over our young friend's happy life, and proved to him, even at that early period, that our course through this world is a chequered path, made up of lights and shades, and that the brightest sunshine is often succeeded by the darkest clouds. The first interruption to his happiness arose from the evident decline of the health of his amiable patroness, which obliged her to seek a more genial climate than that of the bleak hills and barren moors of her native country. On leaving, she promised the almost inconsolable boy, that as soon as she returned from Portugal, whither she was going to spend the winter, and had fixed upon a place of residence in the southern part of England, she would send for him to join her there. In the mean time she left directions with his father for his regular attendance at school, the expenses of which

her steward would defray, and would also supply him with all the clothes, books, and other useful articles that he might require. The parting between her and her little protégé was a truly affecting one ; for William, who seemed to forebode some coming evil, though he tried to control his feelings, was unable to repress the swelling of his heart, at the thought that he was perhaps bidding farewell for ever to one of the best and kindest of friends.

This bitter trial was shortly after succeeded by another, which produced still more disastrous consequences to the poor boy ; for his father was accidentally killed by the falling of an old building, and his destitute family was all at once left to depend upon the efforts of his widow alone. It may easily be imagined that, under these circumstances, all that she had to do for William was considered a hardship ; and, as the steward who had been left by the Lady of the Bower, had always been

jealous of the boy for having met with so much more favour than his own children, that in his eyes were quite as deserving, refused to extend any further indulgence than was contained in his instructions, poor William soon began to find his situation most distressing. One of the first things that the stepmother did was to dismiss the boy that had been engaged to tend the sheep in William's stead, and to oblige him to resume his old employment. This, however, would have been cheerfully submitted to by the poor boy, had he been permitted to make his books his companions ; but this was positively prohibited, and a long task of knitting imposed upon him instead. Nor was this all. When night came, and the sheep were all safely shut up in the fold, and William hoped he might indulge himself with reading, he was, instead, set to card wool, and was so vigilantly watched at the employment that he had not a moment to himself. Sometimes,

after a day's exposure to the cold air, the warmth of the fire would produce an irresistible drowsiness, but if the poor little fellow lost, for a moment, the recollection of his troubles in the sweet oblivion of sleep, a severe blow on his head soon restored him to consciousness, whilst the discordant voice of his stepmother rang in his ear as she exclaimed, "Now, may be you will keep awake! There would be no sleeping if you were at your useless books, but I wonder if they would feed you. Them that want to eat must be willing to work. I'll make you sure, I'm not going to feed an idle fine gentleman." William wrote several letters to his patroness, begging to be permitted to come to her; but he had no other means of sending them, except through the steward; but no intimation of their having reached their destination ever arrived to relieve the poor boy's sufferings. Even Uncle Andrew had ceased his usual visits, for the excellent

old man had now become incapable of travelling, and poor William had no hope but that which the approach of spring gave him of the return of his patroness.

Spring, however, is often long of appearing, even after it has assumed the name ; and William's cruel and tyrannical stepmother became every day more severe in her afflictions. The poor boy tried earnestly to bear with patience the hardships she imposed upon him ; but hope deferred, we are told, maketh the heart sick, and he had looked so long for the appearance of the only person from whom he could expect relief, that he at length came to the resolution of leaving his home unknown to any one, and making his way, as he best could, to Newcastle, where he had often heard that vessels from various parts of the world are always to be found. He had no doubt of meeting with a ship bound for Lisbon, and was equally satisfied that it would not be a difficult thing to

prevail upon the captain to give him a passage for the services he could render ; for though young, he was strong and active, and as for willingness, no one, he was sure, would excel him in that. If once at Lisbon, he could not believe he would have any difficulty in finding the Lady of the Bower, for he would seek out the largest and grandest house, and that would be sure to be hers. My young readers who have been accustomed to large cities will wonder at William's imagining he could so easily find out his patroness in such a place as Lisbon, but they must consider that we can only form an opinion of a thing by comparing it with another, and as the little fellow had never seen anything beyond the bleak moor on which he lived, on the borders of which were scattered a few poor hovels, he naturally imagined that the Hall of the Bower was a magnificent building, and that a similar one would easily be distinguished from those surrounding it. It

is true he had read books of travels, but experience tells us how very poor a conception we are able to form of an object, even from the most lucid description, unless some other familiar one is presented to us for the purpose of comparison, and consequently William's idea of a large town was such as would be laughed at by a much younger child, that had been accustomed to a wider field of observation.

Convinced that he had viewed the subject on all sides, and given it mature deliberation, the young adventurer set forth one clear moonlight night, after having crept softly out of the house, taking with him as large a bundle of his clothes as he thought he could carry, and eighteen pence in money, all that his stepmother had allowed him to retain of a present from the Lady of the Bower when she bade him goodbye. Full of hope and joyful anticipations he travelled across the barren moor he had so often before traversed, when seeking for

his stray sheep, and frequently strengthening his resolution by repeating to himself that He who had said, "Feed my lambs," would not leave him perish. But forty miles is a long way for such a child to travel, and he encountered many difficulties that his inexperience had never taken into consideration. His small sum of money was of course soon exhausted, his feet became swollen and inflamed, and he was often obliged to lie under hedges for days together before he could again put them to the ground. Besides, the season was too early for wild fruit, so that, when no longer able to do without food, though often supplied by the hand of charity, he was also frequently obliged to part with articles of clothing to relieve his urgent necessities. In this manner the few things he had brought with him soon disappeared, and those he wore became so much in tatters that they would scarcely hang together. Still, however, the noble boy kept a good heart,

and cheered his lonely way with the ballads with which the Scottish borders abound, and which his sweet voice enabled him to sing in no mean strain of melody. But, alas! his young frame was far from equal to the energy of his mind, and as he began to draw near his journey's end, he also began to feel that it would be impossible for him to go much farther. As soon as he reached Newcastle, he made his way with all the speed that his exhausted strength would allow, to the wharf, and looked with astonishment and admiration at the forest of masts which met his view. He had never before seen a ship, and he felt as if he could never tire of gazing at those wondrous ploughers of the mighty ocean. To be admitted into one of them, to become acquainted with its various parts, and to be borne by it to some of those lands of novelty and wonder on which his young imagination had so often pondered, was a delight almost too great for conception.

The weakness and exhaustion produced by fatigue and want of food soon impelled him to apply for admittance into a vessel which was announced, by a sign fastened to the mast, as loading for Cadiz. This was far from where he wished to go, but he could see none bound for a nearer port, and he flattered himself that if he could get to Spain he would soon be able to reach the desired point. He therefore stepped on board of the vessel, and going up to the man who appeared highest in authority, proffered his request, but was told they had already too much lumber such as he on board, and was desired to get out of the way. Thus repulsed, he returned to the wharf, and began to look amongst the other vessels for the next most likely one to take him to the wished-for haven ; but in one after another he received the same or similar answers, till at last fear, for the first time, taking possession of his young heart, he stood gazing around him but almost without

a consciousness of where he was, or what was his aim or object. The evening was beginning to close in, and the noise of drays and carts had almost ceased, and poor William began to feel that he was likely soon to be left alone in this lately crowded mart, which had a short time before bewildered him with its bustle and confusion, whilst his exhausted strength almost led him to believe that his sufferings would be over before the dawn of another day. He saw a gentleman coming in the direction where he stood, and examined his countenance with great anxiety ; and thinking he perceived the marks of good nature in his open countenance, he determined to speak to him, and crave protection for the night. Before the gentleman reached him, however, everything began to swim before his sight, then a cloud seemed to come over his eyes, and the next moment all was oblivion.

When William recovered his consciousness,

he found himself stretched on a sofa in a handsome parlour, for the gentleman that he had observed approaching, had seen him fall, and taking him in his arms, had carried him into his own house, which was near at hand. The poor boy looked wildly round, and then as his recollection returned, he raised his eyes with an enquiring gaze to the face of the gentleman, who was standing over him with an expression of deep concern, whilst a lady, whose gentle countenance evinced her sympathy, was applying the usual means for his recovery. A boy about his own age stood near, watching him with evident anxiety, and a sweet-looking little girl, a few years younger, held a tumbler of water, which, as soon as she saw signs of returning animation, she applied to the poor boy's mouth. "He is better now, papa, don't you think he is?" she whispered gently. "He will not die, will he?"

"No, my dear, I hope not," replied her

father; and then observing that William's consciousness had returned, he took his hand, and in a tone of the utmost gentleness said, "What was it that made you faint, my little man?"

In a voice scarcely articulate, William uttered the word "Hunger!"

"Hunger!" repeated the gentleman in surprise; "why, where do you live? How far are you from home? You have no appearance of one in such necessity as to have fainted from hunger. Tell me, where is your home, my little boy?"

"I have no home!" replied the child in a weak and mournful voice. The gentleman paused and eyed the pale, emaciated, but highly interesting object that lay before him, as if completely at a loss what to make of him. We have before said that the portion of William's clothes that he had been able to retain was very much torn, but though in a dilapidated

state, the materials of which they were composed were of such a kind as to indicate the wearer's belonging to a superior class of society, for the Lady of the Bower, though she did not think it right to loosen the ties between father and son by taking him from his parent, had always provided his clothing, and having a natural pleasure in seeing the beautiful boy dressed in a becoming manner, she had furnished his wardrobe with no niggard hand. This circumstance of the superior texture of the articles of which his dress was composed, as well as the air of finish visible in the making of them, so ill accorded with the brief account he was able to give of himself, that the gentleman's benevolence was at fault, and he stood considering the probabilities of the case till called to recollection by the voice of his wife. She, with the true compassion of a woman's heart, though she, like her husband, suspected our little hero to have left a wealthy parent's

house from some motive of pet or folly, and most probably to have plunged a whole family in anxiety and misery, yet saw that whatever he might have inflicted on others, he was then a severe sufferer himself, and roused her husband from his reverie by saying, “ You forget, my dear, that whilst trying to satisfy your curiosity about this poor boy’s situation, his present weakness requires immediate help. He must have something to give him more strength, before he is required to answer any more questions.” But scarcely had she uttered these words, when her little daughter, who the moment William had pronounced the word hunger, had left the room, entered it, bringing a large plateful of meat, pie, bread and butter, and every variety of viands she could meet with in the pantry. Poor William cast a longing look at the food as she approached and offered it to him ; but, laying his hand on her shoulder her father exclaimed, “ Stop, stop,

my child, or you will kill the object of your benevolence with your kindness. This poor little boy's stomach is in too relaxed a state to receive more than a mouthful or two of solid food at a time; and that must be the lightest and most easily digested." He then took the plate from the hands of the child, around whose neck her mother threw her arm, and pressed her toward her in expression of fond approbation, for her promptness in aiding the sufferer. After receiving a small quantity of light and nutritive food, which he eagerly swallowed, whilst his large eyes seemed almost to devour the very plate itself, he was made to swallow a few drops of wine and water, which gradually brought the colour to his cheek, and gave a little of its wonted animation to his almost lifeless countenance. "Now, my little boy," said the gentleman, after noticing with pleasure these signs of returning strength, and feeling as he viewed the interest-

ing and beautiful object of his benevolence, the deepest sympathy for the supposed friends whom he had forsaken, “you are strong enough now to answer a few questions, and I want you to tell me where your relations are, that I may give them notice of your safety.”

“I have no relations that care for me,” replied William, the large tears starting to his eyes as he spoke; “I have only one friend in the world, and she is so far off, that I am afraid it will be hard for me to get to her.”

“Have you been seeking for her?” asked his benevolent friend.

“Yes, sir, I have walked all the way from Alaston Moor, to try to get a ship to take me to Lisbon to her.”

“From Alaston Moor!” exclaimed the gentleman with surprise. “Why, my little fellow, that is my native place. What is your father’s name, for there can be little doubt that I know him.” The tears that had before trembled in

William's eyes now began to flow rapidly down his cheeks, as he spoke of the sad accident that had deprived him of his only remaining parent, (whom his host remembered perfectly,) and of the unhappy home that he had had from the time of his father's death.

“And who is the friend that you expect to find in Lisbon?” asked Mr. Carville; for it is now full time we should give a name to one so well worthy of distinction.

“The Lady of the Bower,” answered William with animation. “She has clothed and educated me for more than three years past, and she promised me that if she did not return to the Bower, I should go to her. If I could but get to Lisbon, I should be happy, for she is the best and kindest of friends.”

Mr. Carville made no reply, but a deep sigh escaped his bosom, whilst his little girl whispered, “Wasn't it her death that you read about in the paper last night, papa?” Her

father gave her a nod of assent, but motioned to her not to speak of it again, for he was afraid, in William's weak state, of the shock it would be to him to hear of the loss of his noble benefactress.

Having received small but frequent supplies of food, William soon became strong enough to sit up, and when able to balance himself once more upon his feet, Mrs. Carville suggested his having the refreshment of a good washing, on which her son, who had hitherto stood by a silent but sympathising observer of all that passed, proposed taking him to his room, and supplying him with a change of clothes, to which his father and mother both readily assented. William's simple narrative, and the unequivocal marks of feeling that had accompanied it, had succeeded in gaining their entire confidence, and Mr. Carville, who felt that he had been thrown by Providence into his hands, to supply the place of the patroness he had

lost, determined at once that the appeal to his humanity should not be made in vain.

When our little hero again appeared in the parlour, it would be difficult to say which of the family seemed most delighted with their new guest, for though fatigue and want of food had made considerable encroachments on his strength, he had been too much accustomed to hardships to let them weigh heavily on his mind, and his bright intelligent countenance beamed with joy and thankfulness. A few days, with good food and kind treatment, served to restore our little hero's exhausted frame, and as his bodily powers revived, his active disposition recovered its wonted energy, and he eagerly gratified his inquiring mind, by an examination of the town, which appeared to his inexperienced judgment, of marvellous extent and magnificence. But even the view of so many new and wonderful sights, failed to withdraw his thoughts from the great

object of his journey, and he made frequent inquiries of his kind host, about the most likely means of getting to Lisbon. At length, when satisfied he was strong enough to bear the shock, that gentleman told him in the kindest and tenderest manner, that the symptoms of consumption which had alarmed her physicians before she left the Bower, had increased so rapidly, notwithstanding her removal to a milder climate, that his patroness had expired suddenly, a few days before the vessel, in which she was returning home, had reached its destined port, and that her remains had been taken to her native place, to be deposited in the family vault. "Then if I had stayed at home," exclaimed the sobbing boy, "I might at least have seen her coffin; perhaps I might even see it now, if I were to go back again." Alarmed lest he should seriously think of putting such an idea into execution, Mr. Carville took every pains to impress upon

his mind that it was his duty in everything to prove his gratitude to his patroness, and that he could only do this by making it his constant study to be a good and useful man, and by acting at all times in such a manner as he felt that she would approve of, were she by his side. "And remember, my good boy," he continued, "that though you are separated from her for a time, you will soon meet her again; and only think how much you will add to her happiness, as well as serving your own, by proving that she was the means of bringing one more sheep to the fold of the Saviour."

The loss of his patroness cast a dark cloud for a considerable time over the mind of our hero; but Mr. Carville, who soon discovered his thirst for seeing foreign parts, proposed his going, a cabin-boy, in a vessel of his own which was about to sail for Boston; and William's mind was gradually drawn from the

contemplation of his misfortune by the idea that his longing desire to see far-distant regions was about to be gratified. Herman and Julia Carville would gladly have persuaded their father to keep him with them, till he was a year or two older ; but though as much disposed to admire and love the boy as themselves, he felt that he would not be acting the part of a friend to him, by keeping him in idleness. Nor were their wishes at all seconded by William's own, for though grateful for their kindness, and returning their love with all the warmth of his ardent spirit, he panted to be in activity, and in the way of learning to provide for himself. Mr. Carville recommended him to the especial care and kindness of the captain, who, he assured William, he knew to be an amiable and kind-hearted man ; and full of gratitude to his friends for the affectionate attention he received, and buoyant with hope, our young adventurer set sail for

those distant regions of which he had often dreamt, but never hoped to see. Even his passage down the Tyne, though it is only such a stream as in this country would hardly be thought deserving the name of river, was to our young and inexperienced traveller, an object of surprise and interest, in consequence of the numerous vessels that were passing and repassing on its waters; but when launched on the mighty ocean, nothing could exceed his wonder and admiration, till an overpowering sea-sickness overcame every other feeling, and made him for three or four days unable to raise his head from the deck, where he lay prostrate and almost lifeless. This penalty, however, upon the inexperienced sailor, at length subsided, and William was again able to look around, and admire and marvel at the wonderful works of creation. The only passengers in the vessel were a Mr. Harper and family, consisting of his wife and two daugh-

ters, the one a year older and the other as much younger, than our little cabin-boy. Whilst the vessel was yet in the river, William had gained the good opinion of this gentleman by a circumstance, to which the boy himself had attached little importance. Mr. Harper had given him a pair of trousers, to beat and brush for him, and whilst doing so, William heard something fall on the deck that sounded like money, and looking carefully around, he found it to be a sovereign. The boy was perfectly alone at the time, and could as easily have retained the piece of money as not, but though he was acquainted with its value, and was himself entirely void of every species of coin, the idea of appropriating it never once entered his head. As soon therefore as he had finished brushing the trousers, he took them to their owner, and holding out the piece of money at the same time, said, with as much simplicity as if it were a matter of course,

“And here is a sovereign, sir, that fell out of one of the pockets.”

“Indeed!” said Mr. Harper with surprise; “I was not aware that I had left any money in the pockets, and deserve to suffer for my carelessness, whilst you have a right to a reward, my little fellow, for your honesty. We will therefore share this sovereign between us;” and so saying, he counted out ten shillings, and held them out to William.

“No sir, thank you,” said our hero; “I have no right to the money; it is n’t mine.”

“But you could easily have kept the whole of it, if you had chosen.”

“There is not much merit in not choosing to be a thief,” returned William, with an air of dignity that astonished his companion, and led him to question him more minutely than he had hitherto done, respecting his history. The simple but interesting little narrative that the boy then gave, excited feelings of the

warmest nature in the whole family, for they all happened to be assembled together at the time; and William, who had before gained their good opinion by his beauty and pleasing manners, now became an object of heartfelt esteem and admiration. From that time Mrs. Harper, who had before studiously guarded her daughters from any familiarity with the crew, was perfectly willing for them to converse with the little cabin-boy, whenever he was at leisure, and was always glad, when William was at liberty, to take a share in the information that, from time to time, their father imparted to his children concerning the natural objects by which they were surrounded. We wish exceedingly, that our limits would permit us to impart some of those wonderful and highly interesting truths to our young readers; but as that is not the case, we rejoice to think that there are so many excellent works on natural history now current,

that all who have a wish for it may easily become acquainted with them; and a study more calculated to enlarge the mind and improve the heart, they certainly could not well pursue. In the hope, therefore, that a study of the works of nature will become as general as it is useful and amusing, we will continue our narrative of the little sailor.

Amongst the crew was a boy who appeared to be about sixteen years of age, that was the butt of the whole ship's company. He was a tall, large-boned, and awkward fellow, with large nose, wide mouth, and sandy complexion. The only expression visible in his countenance was a degree of good-nature amounting almost to imbecility, and it was difficult to tell whether the quietness with which he bore the gibes and jeers of his companions, arose from not caring for, or not understanding them. That the latter, however, was not altogether the case, might be inferred from a sort of dog-

ged obstinacy that he would occasionally evince when imposed upon by orders that he did not think he had any right to obey. This not unfrequently occurred when commanded by the mate, a dark, morose, and tyrannical man, who was only rendered tolerable by the awe in which he stood of the captain. It is scarcely necessary to say that William never took any part in plaguing poor Anty, as he was called, but on the contrary, though several years his junior, he assumed that power which a strong mind always has over a weak one, and persuaded the boy to treat their scoffs and impositions with indifference, at the same time that he acted the part of a protector, and frequently warded off the intended insults. The consequence was, that Anty evinced the most devoted attachment to our hero, and on many occasions, with the kind captain's approbation, he did his work for him, and left him at liberty to listen to Mr. Harper's conversation, and

gain an increase of that knowledge for which his soul so ardently panted.

But poor William seemed destined to be the butt of adverse circumstances. They had only been nine days at sea when the worthy captain began to sicken, and soon discovered signs of an alarming fever. From the first of his being seized, he seemed to be aware what was the matter with him. He had, only an hour or two before he sailed, visited a particular friend, who was lying on the point of death with the small-pox. He had, immediately on coming away, used every precaution that prudence could suggest to avoid taking the dangerous infection; but, notwithstanding all his care, he was convinced he was now about to become a victim to the same frightful scourge of humanity. He, therefore, from the first would scarcely allow any one to come near him, and, indeed, all seemed equally willing to avoid contact with the loathsome

disorder. William alone, who declared that the Lady of the Bower had taken care to have him properly vaccinated, resisted all opposition, and persevered in his attentions to the captain until death closed the scene, when he had the pain of seeing this kind, benevolent friend committed to the deep.

This melancholy circumstance, besides depriving the boy of an excellent master, had a most distressing effect in other respects; for the mate, who in every particular was the opposite of his deceased captain, now of course became master of the vessel, and lost no time in exercising his authority over those who had not the power of resistance. William, who had good sense enough to know that obedience and submission was not only a duty, but the best policy, both acted up to the principle himself and encouraged Anty to do the same. But it was not easy to enlighten that poor boy's weaker judgment. His hatred of the mate,

who had so often and so cruelly tyrannised over him, was inveterate, and his course of conduct in consequence was little short of rebellion.

One day, he who was now captain had exercised his authority in various ways, in the most wanton and unauthorised manner, till he had goaded and irritated the boy into a fit of the most unyielding stubbornness, and then, as if aware of the effect it would produce, he ordered him to go and wash the fore-deck over again, which the boy had finished only a few minutes before. The command, as he doubtless anticipated, was not obeyed, and, on being asked if he did not intend to do as he was bid, Anty gave a brief 'No.' Immediately two of the men were ordered to strip off his jacket and shirt, and tie him to one of the masts, whilst the captain, seizing a lash, prepared to exercise it on the bare skin of the culprit. At this moment William, who had been perform-

ing some of his duties in the cabin, came on deck, and seeing in an instant what was going forward, began to plead, with all the eloquence of a feeling and affectionate heart, for the condemned criminal. “Oh, pray forgive him this time,” he exclaimed with energy, “and I am sure he will soon acknowledge himself sorry for what he has done, and will be good and obedient for the future.”

“Keep off with you, and let me have none of your whining noise,” said the brutal man; “lest I should give you a taste of the same medicine over your own back.”

“Well, let me have it then,” cried the generous boy. “It will not be so hard to bear it myself, as to see him suffer. Or tell me to do anything however difficult, and I will do it, if you will only let him go without his punishment.”

“Well, then, go up to the top-gallant mast and stay there two hours, and your bright

favourite shall go free," said the captain, with a brutal laugh.

Our hero did not stop a moment to reply, but springing to the ladder began immediately to ascend, and as his small hands seized the ropes, and with one foot on the first step, he stood for an instant looking around, his beautiful countenance beaming with pleasure, he presented a picture that any painter might be glad to copy.

All eyes were eagerly fixed upon the adventurous youth as he ascended, for it was the first time he had ever been allowed to mount so high. There was besides a heavy under-swell in the sea, (as is well known to those who have ever been on the ocean sometimes to occur, even though the wind is perfectly calm,) so that even the most experienced seamen found it difficult to balance themselves.

At length he was seen to reach the top, and

on “the high and giddy mast,” is preparing to seat himself, when a sudden swell threw the vessel on her side with such a swing, that either William’s feeble force was unequal to contend against it, or his brain turned dizzy, or perhaps both these things combined, for he lost his hold, and the next moment he was seen to drop into the ocean, to which the almost horizontal mast had already borne him very near.

With the rapidity almost of lightning, Anty, who was now released from his bondage, jumped over the ship’s side, and being a good swimmer, made his way with great speed to the place where William had fallen. But an under-tow kept drawing the powerless boy more rapidly away than Anty was able to pursue, so that the boat that was launched had almost overtaken him, before he could seize the object of his solicitude, now a lifeless weight, and hold his head above the water. They

were all soon once more on the deck, on which our hero was laid cold and inanimate.

“He is done now, with all his heroism,” said the captain, looking at the lifeless boy, and uttering such a laugh as the hyena gives when rejoicing over its prey.

Anty, who stood with the water pouring from his rough and tangled hair, and streaming down his bare back, cast a look first on William’s inanimate form, as it lay extended at his feet, and then at the savage man, which seemed to say, the hyena itself would not have more delight in tearing him to pieces than he would experience, if such retribution were in his power.

The whole transaction had been of too exciting, too agonizing a nature, for any one to think of giving vent to exclamations. The inmates of the cabin, therefore, were wholly unconscious of any thing extraordinary having been going forward, till the two young

Harpers happening to come on the deck, beheld the drenched and lifeless body of their favourite, stretched near the companion-door, and Anty standing by his side, with his arms folded and his countenance wearing an expression of the deepest agony and despair. Their loud cries soon brought their parents up to inquire the cause. The scene which presented itself, soon told its own tale. "Have no efforts been made to revive him?" cried Mr. Harper, with a benevolent impetuosity, as he raised the cold and beautiful form of his little favourite.

"It would be lost labour," replied the unfeeling captain; "he is only fit food for the shark that he has been watching so constantly for the last two or three days."

"All must be done, however, that is possible," returned the passenger; "so noble a nature must not be permitted to leave us so soon if we can help it."

So saying, he took the inanimate body in his arms, and carried it down to the cabin, followed by his amiable wife and children, whilst the almost equally lifeless Anty followed in the rear. Every means that could be devised were made use of to recall the pure spirit to its lovely mansion. For a long time their efforts seemed unavailing, but at length signs of life began to appear, when Mr. Harper was obliged to send both Anty and his children away, lest their clamorous rejoicing should counteract the efforts he and his wife were making.

“ You consigned this boy to the shark,” said Mr. Harper to the captain, a few days after William’s recovery, “ and I rescued him from its jaws. I think, therefore, that I am now entitled to claim him as my property. I have no son of my own, so he will supply the deficiency, and I will write to your owner, to explain the whole business.”

“But must Anty be left behind, sir?” asked William, distressed at the idea of the poor boy being still in the power of the tyrant.

“I understand he is not an indentured servant, and therefore if he choose to leave the vessel he may, and I will employ him in my factory,” replied the gentleman, well pleased to see William’s sympathy for the uncouth boy.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Anty was delighted with the proposal, and the savage captain, who now began to be afraid of the kind of report that was likely to be sent home to his owner, made no objection to the arrangement, but tried to pass off the whole transaction, by which our hero so nearly lost his life, as a mere joke. Mr. Harper heard what he said without making any reply, but determined as he did so, that a faithful report of his brutal behaviour should be transmitted to Mr. Carville, and he hoped that as far, at

least, as that gentleman's power extended, the unfeeling tyrant would never have another opportunity of exercising his malicious dispositions over the weak and helpless.

Very soon after his arrival in Boston, Mr. Harper placed his young protégé in one of those seminaries of education for which that city is distinguished, where William applied himself with his usual ardour and industry to the business of self-improvement.

“It is almost a pity,” said his patron one day, when his young favourite returned home laden with school honours, “to bestow such an education on a mere sailor; I hope, my boy, that as your knowledge increases, your ambition will also rise above such a calling.”

“It has already risen above that of a *mere* sailor, sir,” answered William, with modest and graceful dignity; “for I am anxious to do credit to the many generous patrons that

have one after another come to my aid in my necessities; and I don't know any calling that is more likely to put that in my power than the one I have chosen. You have often told me that some of the most distinguished men in the country were, when children, actual foundlings, and you know, sir, Columbus himself was at first only a poor sailor boy."

Many years have elapsed since the incidents (many of which are taken from real life) occurred, and we are persuaded it will be gratifying to our young readers to hear that the flattering promises which William's early years presented, were all confirmed and strengthened as he advanced in age, and that he gradually became a very useful and distinguished member of society. Among those who exulted in having been instrumental in bringing forth so noble a character, was his early patron, Mr. Carville. The profession which our hero had

chosen gave him frequent opportunities of seeing and cultivating the friendship of that gentleman and his amiable family ; and when recording, with justifiable pride, his first introduction to the interesting boy, Mr. Carville never failed to remark that this bright star, which shone so conspicuously in both hemispheres, first rose on the bleak and barren waste of his own native Alaston Moor. Nor did he ever fail to draw an important moral from the circumstances as he exultingly related them. With all the energy of a warm and glowing heart he called upon his hearers to consider, that the fact of a young boy totally destitute of every adventitious recommendation, having become so distinguished, offered a strong inducement to those who had it in their power to aid the weak and friendless, to do so with their utmost might, whilst those who required such aid would naturally draw encouragement from William's success “ to go

and do likewise." Industry and virtue can scarcely fail to make their way in any country; but in this free and prosperous one, the impediments are fewer and less formidable; and the road is open to all, however low their commencement, who seek to gain the esteem and confidence of their fellow-beings by such means as those which distinguished The Young Sailor.

T H E E N D.



